

WORKERS OF THE WORLD UNITE.

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A LEGACY.

THE DYING SOCIALIST TO HIS SON.
(WRITTEN FOR THE "DAILY PEOPLE" BY
THE LATE JAMES CONNOLLY, 1907).

Come here my son, and for a time put up
your childish play,
Draw nearer to your father's bed, and lay
your games away;
No sick man's plaint is this of mine, ill-tem-
pered at your noise,
Nor carping at your eagerness to romp with
childish toys.
Thou'rt but a boy, and I a man outworn
with care and strife,
Would not deprive you of one joy thou canst
extract from life;
But o'er my soul comes creeping on death's
shadow, and my lips
Must give to you a message ere life meets
that eclipse.
Slow runs my blood, my nether limbs I feel
not, and my eyes
Can scarce discern, here in this room, that
childish form I prize.

Aye, death's grim hand is on my frame, and
helpless it lies here,
But to my mental vision comes the power of
the seer,
And time and space are now as nought as
with majestic sweep,
I feel my mind traverse the land and encom-
pass the deep,
Search backward over history's course, or
with prophetic view,
And sounding line of hope and fear gauge
man's great destiny, too.
The chasm deep 'twixt life and death I bridge
at last to-night,
And with a foot on either side absorb their
truth and light.
And thus, my son, tho' reft of strength, my
limbs slow turn to clay,
Fired by this light I call you here to hear
my Legacy.

"My Legacy!" Ah, son of mine! wert thou a
rich man's pride,
He'd crown thee with his property, possessions
far and wide,
And golden store to purchase slaves, whose
aching brain and limb
Would toil to bring you luxury as such had
toiled for him.
But thy father is a poor man, and glancing
round you here,
Thou canst see all his property—our humble
household gear.
No will we need by lawyers drawn, no wit-
nesses attest,
To guard for you your legacy, your father's
last bequest.

"Thy father is a poor man," mark well what
that may mean,
On the tablets of thy memory that truth write
bright and clean,
Thy father's lot is was to toil from earliest
boyhood on,
And know his latest energies for a master's
profit drawn;
Or else, ill-starred, to wander round and huck-
ster-like to vend,
His freshest store of brain and brawn for
all whom fate might send
Across his path with gold enough to purchase
Labour's power
To turn it into gold again, and fructify the
hour
With sweat and blood of toiling slaves. Like
unto us, my son:
Aye, through our veins since earliest days,
'tis poor man's blood has run.

Yes, son of mine, since History's dawn two
classes stand revealed,
The Rich and Poor, in bitterest war, by dead-
liest hatred steeled,
The one, incarnate greed and crime, disdain-
in honest toil,
Had grasped man's common birthright and
treasure house, the soil,
And standing 'twixt their fellow-men and all
that earth could give,
Had bade them render tribute if they would
hope to live,
And, building crime on top of crime, had
pushed their conquests on,
Till, arbiters of life and death, they stood
with weapons drawn,
And blades a-thirst to drink the blood, on land
and over sea,
Of him who dared for human rights to stem

this tyranny.
They held our lands, our bodies ruled, and
strove to rule the mind,
And Hell itself could not surpass their evil
to mankind:
And all who strove for human rights to break
their cursed yoke—
The noblest of our race, my child—went down
beneath their stroke,
And o'er amid earth's sweetest spots, in na-
ture's loveliest haunt,
Each built his fort or castle grim the poor
of earth to daunt.
And issuing forth from walls of stone, high
over cliff and pass,
With sword in hand would gather in the tri-
bute for his class,
And, grim emblems of their rule, flaunting to
human ken,
The pit to drown our women, the gibbet for
our men,
Stood aye beside their fortresses, and under-
neath the moat,
Tier under tier of noisome cells for those the
tyrant smote,
Thumbscrew and rack, and branding rod, and
each device of hell,
Perverted genius could devise to torture men
to sell,
(For brief respite from anguish dire to end
their wretched lives)
The secrets of their comradeship, the honour
of their wives,
As fabled upas tree of old, by ancient poets
sung,
Consumed with blight each living thing that
neath its branches sprang,
The rich man's power o'er all the earth had
spread its baleful blight,
Respecting neither age nor sex to save its
lust and might
It stole the harvest from the field, the product
from the loom,
Struck down the old man in his age, the young
man in his bloom,
It robbed the carrier on the road, the sailor
on the tide,
And from the bridegroom of an hour it took
the new-made bride,
Such crimes it wrought: not hell itself and
its satanic school
Could fashion crimes to equal those wrought
by the rich man's rule.

"The past?" Aye, boy, the method's past:
the deed is still the same.
And robbery is robbery, yet tho' cloaked in
gentler name,
Our means of life are still usurped, the rich
man still is lord,
And prayers and cries for justice still meet
one reply—the sword!
Tho' hypocrites for rich men's gold may tell
us we are free,
And oft extol in speech and print our vaunted
liberty,
But Freedom lies not in a name, and he who
lacks for bread
Must have that bread tho' he should give his
soul for it instead;
And we, who live by labour, know that while
they rule we must,
Sell Freedom, brain and limb to win for us
and ours a crust.
The robbers made our fathers slaves, then
chained them to the soil,
For a little longer chain—a wage—we must
exchange our toll.
But open force give way to fraud, but force
again behind,
Prepares to strike if fraud should fail to keep
man deaf and blind;
Our mothers see their children's limbs they
fondled as they grew,
And doted on, caught up to make for rich men
profits new,
Whilst strong men die for lack of work, and
cries of misery swell,
And women's souls creep shuddering to hell.
These things belong not to the past, but to the
present day—
And they shall last till in our wrath we
sweep them all away.

"We sweep them!" Ah, too well I know my
work on earth is done,
Even as I speak my chilling blood tells me
my race is run;
I give,
But you, my last born child, take the legacy
And do as did your father whilst he yet was
spared to live.
Treasure ye in your inmost heart this legacy
of hate,
For those who on the poor man's back have
climbed to high estate
The lords of land and capital—the slaves-lords
of our age,

Extracts from Modern Writers.

"Have you been long on the lightship?"
"Three years now," said Thomas.
"How on earth can you endure it? Three
years away from your wife! If it were 1,000
miles way, perhaps; but only two; it must
be the devil."
"Yes, it is that; but what's to be done?"
said the old sailor.
"How do you mean?"
"Well, look here. To begin with, there's
very little work going in Hilligenlei; nothing
at all in winter for ten or twelve weeks; the
whole place goes to sleep, as you know. Well,
well, you see—in the first three years we had
three girls right off, so I thought is it to go
on like that?"
"So that's why you went on the lightship?"
"Just so."
"And these three years you haven't been
near your wife?"
"I've been over now and then—every six
weeks or so; but I kept away from her, do
you understand?"
"You're mad," said Boje, drawing the stove
nearer. "quite mad. You're not living at all."
"Yes," said Thomas, looking at Boje from
under his clever deep-set eyes. "It is bad
enough, my life isn't worth living. But look
here. Suppose a boy came. The three girls
are all right. They are sure to marry, some-
how; but if it were a boy?"
"A boy? Be glad, man, be glad!"
"That's all very well, but what is to become
of him? Look here, when I was a kid I al-
ways wanted to be learning. I never got
enough of reading and learning. The school-
master said to my father, 'It's a pity the boy
must go to the fields,' but when I was ten I
had to go. My learning then was over, just
when it should have begun—absolutely over.
Well, seven years ago, just after I came back
from the army, I was with Horgen Jensen, in
Suderwisch, you know, and his brother, the

Who of this smiling earth of ours have made
for us a cage,
Where golden bars fetter men's souls, and
noble thoughts are aflame
To burn us with their vain desires, and vir-
tue yields to shame,
Each is your foe, foe of your class, of human
rights the foe,
Be it your thought by day and night to work
their overthrow,
And howsoever you earn your wage, and where-
soever you go,
Be it beneath the tropic heat or mid the north-
ern snow,
Or closely pent in factory walls, or burrowing
in the mine,
Or scorching in the furnace hell of steamers
'cross the brine,
Or on the railroad's shining track you guide
the flying wheel,
Or clambering up on buildings high to weld
their frames of steel,
Or use the needle or the type, the hammer,
or the pen,
Have you one thought, one speech alone, to
all your fellow-men—
The men and women of your class—tell them
their wrongs and yours,
Plant in their hearts that hatred deep that
suffers and endures,
And treasuring up each deed of wrong, each
'scornful word and look,
Inscribe it on the memory, as others in a book
And wait and watch thro' galling years the
ripening of time,
Yet deem to strike before that hour were
worse than folly—crime.
This be your task, Oh, son of mine; the rich
man's hate to brave,
And consecrate your noblest part to rouse
each fellow-slave,
To speed the day the world await when
Labour, long oppress,
Shall rise and strike for Freedom true, and
from the tyrants wrest,
The power they have abused so long. Oh,
ever-glorious deed!
The crowning point of history, yet child of
bitterest need.
Ah, woe is me; thy father's eyes shall not
behold that day.
I faint and die: child, hold my hand,
Keep—thou—my Legacy.

parson came to see him. I had to go about
with him all over the place; down to the sea,
up to inland villages, while he tried to find
out all his childish haunts; and in those three
days, while I drove beside him in the cart, he
talked about everything in heaven and earth,
and learned folks' ideas about it; about reli-
gion and the State, Parliament and self-
government, trade and industry and agricul-
ture. But he didn't give me any pleasure.
When the three days came to an end I went
back to the stables, and was alone again in
the evening in the room beside the horses.
I can tell you I had never been so unhappy in
my life, for that's how it is, and always will
be. Do you understand? A big, empty house
in one's head, no wall paper, no windows, no
furniture, no one living in it at all; do you
see what I mean? Well, girls can manage;
they don't demand so much; but a boy—is
he to go into that misery? Is he to have that
hideous, empty house in his head all his life?
Do you see? Well, then, you know why I sit
here on the lightship."

"Do you love your wife?" said Boje.
"I should think so, the dear little woman."
Resting his head on both hands, he fell
into a brown study. Three sailors came into
the cabin and sat down. One of them clean-
ed his pipe, while the other two looked on,
saying nothing. Thomas raised his head, and,
as if speaking his thoughts aloud, said, "Car-
penter, have you had a single happy hour in
your whole life?"

"I don't know," said the carpenter. "Quite
happy? No, I don't think so—perhaps when
I was quite a boy."

"Think," said Thomas.
"Man you're curious as a child," said the
carpenter, working at his pipe. "Quite happy?
I don't know—yes—six or seven years ago,
after the war, I went to London on a mer-
chant steamer. On the way we had a strange
experience. There was a passenger on board,
a little man, whose face seemed to me a bit
Jewish. One evening, when I was off duty,
we had got into a regular nor' wester, and
he came down to our quarters. Bob Stevens
had just opened the Bible, so I suppose it
was Sunday. Well, the fellow came in, sat
down, and, seeing the book, struck it with his
hand—I can see him now—saying, 'That's the
best book in the world; but it is to blame for
most of the poverty and stupidity there is
in it.' Yes, that's what he said, as near as
possible."

"Thomas Jans had lifted up his heavy head,
and his eyes were fixed on the old carpenter's
bairy face. "Go on."

"The rich and the parsons," said the Jew,
"throw sand in our eyes, and they get their
sand from the Bible. Yes, that's what he
said, just that."

Thomas stared at Boje. "Well, schoolmas-
ter?"

"A Socialist," said Boje. "I've heard of
them; a Socialist. But that doesn't help me
to get to Krautstiel."

"Go on."

"Well, what else did he say? Everything
was to be changed, everything, and soon,
too."

"I don't understand," began Thomas.

"Think, man, all equal—that's what he said
—all equal. Now, because one rich man has
a big field, and a big wood, the poor men
have to shiver in the streets with their child-
ren, or live crowded in a slum where the sun
never shines. Because one rich man has mag-
nificent clothes, travels all over the world,
buys his children every book they want, ten
poor men and their children are oppressed,
and ignorant all their lives. All that is to
be changed, he said. The day is over when
the nobleman's child rode in front and the
workman's child crawled behind. Let both sit
on the horse and see which can ride, which
falls off do you see? So that the best man
can help the people on. See? That's what
he said."

Thomas Jans had got on to his feet. "So
that's what he said," he asked, slowly; "and
there are people who believe it?"

"Yes," he said, "thousands in Hamburg and
Berlin, members of the Reichstag, too."

"What was that about the children?" said
Jans staring at him. "Those who had some-
thing in their heads are to go up; that's it?"

"Yes, that's what he said."

"Then," said Thomas, "that's it all right.
Yes, by Heaven I will—I will leave the light-
ship and risk it. Come on, schoolmaster, I'll
take you to Krautstiel and go to Hilligenlei
from there."

The carpenter wiped his mouth and looked
at the others. "Risk it, will he? Risk what?"
—From "Holyland," a novel by Frensen.

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Industrial Despotism.

Its Cure.

Professor T. N. Carver (Department of
Political Economy, Harvard University,
U. States) in his book, "Sociology and
Social Progress," says:—

"While competition is absent, com-
merce is a bond of peace and goodwill, be-
tween those who sell in return. But the
moment that two nations embark exten-
sively in the same line of industry, that
moment commerce becomes a sword, dy-
ing and setting at enmity those who are
rivals for the same markets. The
prosperity of one is the other's destruc-
tion. Such nations stand to each other as
two Indian tribes, where there is but
game enough, for one."

The forms along which Business and
Industry are conducted have changed in
the past, and are changing NOW.

When business was small and easily
handled, nearly everything was done by
Sole Traders (individual farmers, store-
keepers, etc.). As business increased in
volume, the Partnership form was ushered
in. Further increases saw the Part-
nership give place to the Limited Liabil-
ity Company. This in turn, was sup-
planted by the Combine, or Trust. In
America the orthodox Trust has been
supplanted by the Super-Trust. The Super-
Trust does not devote itself to the hand-
ling of one commodity, as did the ordi-
nary Trust. Under this improved method,
banks, railway and shipping companies,
oil, steel and boot companies may be
dominated by the ONE set of financial
"captains," independent loafers.

Against these, the smaller forms of or-
ganisation cannot successfully compete.
They are either kept on a profit basis
amounting to wages, or are crushed out
altogether, and the owners forced into
the ranks of the wage-earners.

The Trusts are showing the working-
class the best form of business-organisa-
tion, and are preparing their industries
for ownership by, and administration
for, the working class. Plute is prepar-
ing his own downfall. Evolution, even
business-evolution, demands his depart-
ure.

Examine this same tendency in the
light of Religion. At one time the parish-
ioners, who keep the churches going, had
no say whatever in Religious Administra-
tion. Archbishop and higher-ups admin-
istered everything. Church administra-
tion, they claimed, was their affair. To-
day, however, in most Protestant church-
es, the parishioners have the power to
decide whom they shall "call"—who shall
be their "religious captain" or parson.

Democracy has, to a big extent, per-
meated Religious Administration.

Politics shows the same tendency. At
one time, kings claimed the right to run
the political state. "We are the political
captains," they claimed. Their claim was
successfully challenged by the barons,
who in turn were challenged by the land-
owners, and these two classes were later
on successfully challenged by the new
manufacturing or capitalist class. The
claims of these three classes to absolute
political power were finally challenged by
the working class—the class for whose

Craft Unionism Obsolete.

Industrial Unionism the Hope of the Workers

By W.T.

That craft unionism has outgrown its
usefulness, and is now a detrimental fac-
tor and a stumbling block in the onward
path of the advancing proletariat, is a
pregnant fact that defies refutation by
any person who is cognisant of the condi-
tions of modern industrial development.

The development of the machine has
sounded the death knell of the skilled
craftsman, and with him the efficacy of
craft unionism as a means to the final end,
the emancipation of the working class
and the abolition of class prejudice for
all time.

In this age of specialisation and minute
division of labor the machine has success-
fully taken the place of the skilled trades-
man. The mechanic is now reduced to
the position of an operator whose place
can be filled by unskilled labor. The
munition factories of England have given
us a concrete example of this fact, the
women who filled the positions previously
occupied by highly skilled mechanics,
have proven themselves to be more cap-
able to turn out the delicate mechanisms
than the men who have been trained for
years in that particular calling.

Craft unionism is the extension of the
Guild system to modern industrial condi-
tions, and as such is untenable and illogi-
cal. Craft unionism is based on the in-
dividual ownership of the tool of produc-
tion. The system of capitalistic exploita-
tion is based on the ownership of the tools
of production by the master class, there-
fore the obsolete method of organisation
adopted by the craft unions has no effect
on the capitalists, but, on the contrary,
had a most detrimental effect on the work-
ers, inasmuch as it keeps them disorgan-
ised, and ever waging a civil war within
their own ranks; instead of concentrat-
ing their efforts in an endeavour to over-
throw the possessing class.

The fact that the machine has reduced
the tradesman to the position of an un-
skilled labourer, is sufficient to condemn
an organisation that is based on the in-
dividual skill of its members. Time there
was when the craftsman WAS a crafts-
man in the true meaning of the word, but
the enormous stride taken by modern
"labour saving" machines has reduced
his status to that of an unskilled operator.

Previous to the industrial revolution,
the cobbler completed all the operations
necessary in the manufacture of a pair of
boots from the tanning of the leather to
the cutting of the leaces. By a visit to a
modern boot factory, one is struck with
the prominence of the two factors that
mark the development of modern indus-
try: the subservience of man to the ma-
chine and the complete overthrow of skill-
ed craftsmanship by the machine. Where
there was but one individual operative in
the making of a pair of boots, there is
now over fifty mechanical operations in
the completion of the same work. This
does not include the many operations that
the leather has to undergo before reach-
ing the factory.

The mental worker is not exempt from
this all pervading supremacy of the ma-
chine. This is witnessed by the introduc-
tion of calculating machines so called
"steel brains." These instruments are
capable of calculating with unerring pre-
cision to decimals, and have a perfection
that is practically unattainable by the
human brain. The fine arts are also
drawn into the vortex of mechanical pro-
duction. The musician is being gradually
thrown on the great market of mentally
skilled yet useless workers. That the soul
stirring art of the musician, should be re-
duced to a matter of whirling wheels is

government the Political State is in oper-
ation. To-day the working class pos-
sesses the franchise for its adults, male
and female.

In Industry, we see a similar fight
—this time for Economic Freedom—go-
ing on. "This is our business. We, and
we alone, will determine the industrial
conditions (wages, hours, etc.) of our
slaves, our "hands"—this has been, and
is, the claim of the "industrial captains"
who hire brainy wage-earner managers to
run their undertakings.

This is the claim (like the old religious
and political claims) that is being chal-
lenged by the working-class to-day. The
dissemination of working-class economics,

to be deprecated, yet, it is but another
evidence of the great advance in the
world of mechanical invention; and a step
in the march of the triumphant machine.
The pianola and other kindred instru-
ments have usurped the place of men,
who have given a life time to the study
of their art; thus once again the most
highly skilled artist is reduced to the
level of an unskilled worker in the labour
market.

There is but one solution to the level-
ling up process brought about by the in-
troduction of machinery, and that is the
organisation of the workers on a sound,
scientific industrial basis. No longer will
the men who use the same tools be gath-
ered together in a craft union of that par-
ticular calling, but organised in one of
the six great industries which form the
economic basis of society.

This great industrial organisation as
laid down by the WORKERS INTERNA-
TIONAL INDUSTRIAL UNION, will
mean not only the thorough organisation
of the wage slaves of one nationality, but
the concerted co-operation of every mem-
ber of a given industry throughout the
civilised world.

Another glaring example of the class
conscious organisation that exists between
one craft union and others, is the follow-
ing incident which occurred in the Indus-
trial Court during the hearing of an
award last week. A member of the Stone
Masons Union was called as an expert
witness to give testimony that the skill of
a carpenter was superior to that of a
bricklayer. When one body of workers
are willing to depreciate the value of an-
other group of their fellow workers, is it
any wonder that we are divided into fac-
tions of wrangling fools, who are hope-
lessly beaten in open conflict with the
master class.

La Monte clarifies the position in the
following extract from his work "The
New Socialism."

"The larger and more powerful your
unions become, the shorter will be your
strikes, and the less the sufferings of your
wives and little ones.

"We are only now learning gropingly
of the full powers and capacities of the
new industrial unionism. But we already
know that it has miraculous powers as a
wage riser and hour shortener. We are
just beginning to realise that it is also a
mighty political weapon. Just the other
day the Hungarian wrested from an un-
willing government promises for the ex-
tension of the suffrage by a general
strike. And a few days later the Belgian
comrades failed in their attempt to reach
the same goal by a political deal with the
capitalist liberals. It is thus seen that for
purely political objects the new unionism
may prove a more effective weapon than
political trading.

"There has been a political agitation
for a minimum wage law in England for
years. It produced no tangible results.
Lord Morley, of the Liberal Cabinet, de-
clared the recognition of the principle of
the minimum wage would be tantamount
to striking a death blow at civilisation.
2,000,000 human moles of coal miners
crept out of their holes, and stayed out
on vacation for three weeks; and Lord
Morley's Cabinet brought in and passed
a law recognising the principle of the
minimum wage—the only law ever pass-
ed in England that was ostensibly in-
tended to increase the workers' share of
the social product.

"But this law was not passed while
the Liberal Party controlled the Govern-

the spread of knowledge concerning the
make-up of the capitalist system, the
gradual grasping of the economic truth
that all wealth is SOCIALLY produced
but PRIVATELY owned, that no effective
reform is possible under the present sys-
tem of production—these things are caus-
ing that challenge to increase in volume
every year.

What happened in Religion and in Poli-
tics, must happen in Industry. The know-
ledge that Industrial Democracy is the
ONLY CURE for Industrial Despotism is
slowly dawning on thousands of working
class minds. This Industrial Democracy,
whose base and unit is the Industrial
Union, is the hope and certainty of the
future.

ment. IT WAS PASSED WHILE THE
STRIKING COAL MINERS CONTROLL-
ED ALL ENGLAND.

"INDUSTRIAL UNIONISM IS THE
POWER OF THE FUTURE. It is upon
it YOU must rely to improve your work-
ing conditions from day to day, and it is
upon it you will learn to rely to win your
decisive political victories in the future.
It will not only improve your great weap-
on in the struggle to overthrow the wage
system of slavery and degradation. IT
WILL ALSO PROVIDE YOU WITH
THE ORGANISATION TO CARRY ON
PRODUCTION AND DISTRIBUTION
AFTER YOUR DECISIVE VICTORY."

"The development of Industrial Un-
ionism, that is of a truly all embracing
class-unionism, containing in one great
Federal organisation, the least skilled as
well as the most highly skilled workers,
is the supreme need of the hour. But it is
a task that can only be accomplished with
the aid and co-operation of a politically
strong Socialist Party. Without such aid
and support the better and more effective
your union becomes the more quickly will
it be ruthlessly crushed by uncurbed cap-
italism.

"IN THE FACE OF THE TREMEN-
DOUS POWERS OF THE CAPITALISTS
AND THEIR CLOSE INDUSTRIAL
AND POLITICAL UNION THE WORK-
ERS OF THIS COUNTRY CAN WIN
THEIR BATTLES ONLY BY A STRONG
CLASS CONSCIOUSNESS AND CLOSE-
LY UNITED ORGANISATIONS ON
THE ECONOMIC FIELD, AND A POW-
ERFUL AND MILITANT PARTY ON
THE POLITICAL FIELD, AND BY
JOINT ATTACK OF BOTH ON THE
COMMON ENEMY."

"The old unionism was purely defen-
sive. The Socialist Party has officially re-
cognised that UNIONISM MUST AT-
TACK THE ENEMY. In other words,
the Socialist Party now stands officially
committed to THE AGGRESSIVE TAC-
TICS OF THE NEW INSATIABLE REV-
OLUTIONARY UNIONISM."

"WITH A SUFFICIENTLY POWER-
FUL INDUSTRIAL UNION ORGANISA-
TION STRIKES, WHEN THEY COME,
WILL BE SHORT, AS THE TIE-UP OF
INDUSTRY WILL BE SO COMPLETE
THAT WHETHER THE STRIKE BE
WON OR LOST IT CANNOT LAST LONG."

The time for talking has passed, and
the moment of concentrated and co-ordin-
ated mass action has arrived.

"The World for the Workers of the
World" is a much mouthed phrase that
up to the present time has had but the
semblance of a dream, now is the oppor-
tune moment for the dream to material-
ise.

At the conclusion of the war the power
of the capitalists in all countries will be
considerably weakened, economic and in-
dustrial upheavals will be the order of
the day. Misery, poverty, and degrada-
tion will stalk through all lands, and sow
the seeds of discontent and potential in-
surrection broadcast. The ancient adage,
"Sow the wind and reap the whirlwind,"
the wind has been sown in the fertile soil
of the dispossessed, and suffering mass of
the toilers of the earth; and will bear a
harvest that shall sweep through society
with the devastating effect of a tropical
tornado.

Under the present iniquitous system,
all the brute passions and jungle instincts
of human nature are fostered and matur-
ed, while the nobler traits of character
that have been handed down to us
through the ages, are trodden under foot
in the mad struggle for a bestial exist-
ence.

Flushed with the exhilarating con-
sciousness, that annihilation of capitalism
will mean the inauguration of a state of
society under which the highest and nob-
lest aspirations of mankind will be re-
alised, the toilers of all lands should join
in a vast co-ordinated effort, to bring
about the inception of the Co-operative
Commonwealth.

If the workers do not seize the golden
opportunity to strike for their emancipa-
tion, when the capitalist class are in dire
difficulties, then a life of slavish submis-
sion is the desert they merit for their
dilatatoriness in not availing themselves of
the opportunity that offered.

"Unity is strength." This fact cannot
be reiterated too often, and the WATCH-
WORD OF THE PRESENT AND FU-
TURE MUST BE, SOLIDARITY AND
MASS ACTION. TALK ACCOMPLISH-
ES NOTHING, ACTION IS EVERY-
THING. Action is the spring of the in-
dustrial machine, that will set in motion
the great Juggernaut whose mission will
be the sweeping out of existence of the
system that has for centuries stood for the
complete moral and social degradation
and economic exploitation of the only
class, that would exist under a sane and
rational system, the working class.

Karl Marx's Love Story

By JAYEM.
(REPRINTED BY REQUEST).

Great thinkers like Marx live in their work rather than in their personality. Marx, the author of "Capital," is known to millions. His discovery of the materialist conception of history has made him ever famous. Of Karl Marx, and his fascinating personality comparatively few people know. Feminists of the world over should adore Karl Marx as an affectionate son, a fascinating, impetuous lover and an ideal husband.

Jenny Von Westphalen, daughter of Baron Von Westphalen, was four years older than Carlo Henrico Mordecai, whose family name was changed to Marx, when he was six years of age, in consequence of the family having been baptised Christians.

Carlo, otherwise Karl Marx, was, however, too good a revolutionary to become anything but an atheist later on. From his earliest boyhood Karl Marx was the adoring sweetheart of Jenny Von Westphalen. It was said he had three saints—his father, his mother and his wife.

When 17 he entered the University of Bonn to study jurisprudence, and afterwards Berlin University to study chemistry and physics. An impetuous, healthy, ardent youth, he was too much in love to study seriously. Jenny Von Westphalen was a beautiful girl, and being the daughter of a wealthy man, was not wanting in admirers. Marx was poor, but his personality greater than the others; his love irresistible to an emotional girl such as Jenny Von Westphalen. At 18, Marx became engaged to his youthful sweetheart. They were married when he was 25. They went to Paris, and there began the persecution of Marx by the Governments of France and Prussia, which lasted all his life.

Throughout the storm and stress of his life until its end, 40 years later, his love for his wife and children, and his friendship for Engels, stand out like stars of the first magnitude on a clear night. His love for his wife never faltered throughout such bitter, abject, awful poverty and suffering as few of the strongest and best mentally-balanced men could endure, yet remain sane.

Marriage is one of three states—a state of perfect bliss, a state of perfect torture, and a state of ordinary suffering and endurance or quiet desperation. The marriage of Marx was of the first—a state of perfect bliss. Madame Paul Lafarge (Laura Marx) described her father and mother as lovers always. On occasions, when a girl, she used to see them marching up and down their poor room in Dean Street, Soho (then the poverty-stricken quarter of London, and the resort of foreign refugees) singing love song, her father's arm affectionately about her mother's waist.

Mrs. Marx was a tall, dark-eyed, handsome, full-figured woman, and of her beauty her husband was very proud. It is said that when poverty comes in at the door love flies out of the window. But with Karl Marx and his wife the worse their poverty the stronger their love. His love of children was almost a passion. Nothing moved him more than the suffering of little children. The suffering of his own was torture of the worst kind through the period of his terrible poverty. The children of his co-exiles in Soho knew him as Daddy Marx. He played with them like a big boy, and shouted with glee in the games they played with each other. It was at Dean Street, Soho, that Marx wrote part of his Critique of Political Economy, the 18th Brumaire, many notes on "Capital," and all his "New York Tribune" articles, for which he was paid by Chas. Dana, proprietor of that newspaper, the sweated rate of £1. per week. While writing all these great works, Marx's children were running about the two small rooms in which the family lived. They played with him while he wrote, often pretending he was their stubborn horse, allowing them to whip him and scold him and enjoying the game as much as the children themselves.

Mrs. Marx, in addition to the cares of a family of six children, copied a great deal of Marx's work, ready for the publisher, no easy task, for his hand-writing was difficult to decipher.

Three of their children died from poverty. The body of the little girl Francisca lay unburied several days because her parents had not enough cash to buy a coffin. In one of their rooms the tiny corpse lay, and in the other room the whole family lived and slept. In her grief Mrs. Marx went to one of the French refugees in Soho. He lent her the money, which paid for the burial of baby Francisca.

In 1856, the year in which their youngest daughter Eleanor was born, Edgar, the elder son, died. He was the pride and hope of

Rome and Politics.

Church and State.

A FINAL REPLY.

As a summing up of our contention, we further reply to F. Sutherland and J. W. Roche, as promised in our last constitution.

We do not consider your correspondents are so clear and scientific in their own thinking, that they can impudently take up such a superior attitude towards Arthur Reimer as to say he "utters nonsense," and that his is a "Janus-like attitude well worthy of a vote-hunting politician, but not worthy of a scientific thinker."

We challenge your correspondents to prove that Reimer, the standard bearer of the American Socialist Labor Party in two presidential elections, ever resorted to the tactics of a vote-hunting politician. Is this the matter a vote-hunting politician would use?

"No country worth defending," our watchwords, says Reimer.

The following quotations from Reimer's campaign speeches speak for themselves:

"Under capitalism your job is your life. The capitalist owns your job; hence he controls your life. You are bought and sold in a labor market like fish in a fish market; your value is determined by what it costs to produce the necessities of life for the worker. And you, as a working man need not, it seems, be told that despite the increase of your productive capacity, you, the same as the worker of fifty years ago, are just about 'getting by,' as the expression goes. It follows that you are doomed to a life of wage slavery. Your children are being groomed for the same process. No material relief is in sight for the workers as long as the capitalist system obtains.

"The remedy then is the overthrow of capitalism. The aim and object of the Socialist Labor Party is to abolish capitalism and substitute therefor the Industrial republic of Labor.

"How are you to proceed with us in this purpose?"

"By giving expression to these demands through the only real political organisation of labor in the political arena, the Socialist Labor Party, and, on the industrial field to organise your labor-power and that of every man, woman, and child compelled to labor under capitalism into a class-conscious industrial union of the workers, such as the Workers' International Industrial Union. This latter is an economic organisation which will not compromise with capitalism; it organises the workers to enable them to perform their historic mission to take and hold the industries of the world."

"Never in the history of our country has there been greater need that enfranchised workers should cast their ballots to subserve the interests of their class. Mighty forces are at work, and a revolution impends. Shall that revolution take the form of strikes, riots, destruction and bloodshed, or the peaceful form of developing from the workers' intelligent use of the ballot conjoined with efficient economic organisation?"

"To bring the Socialist Commonwealth into existence the workers must educate themselves in the form of organisation necessary to destroy capitalism, and rear upon its ruins the Republic of Labor.

"The time actively to begin this work is now: By organising on both the politi-

cal and the economic fields. The political organisation must be formed to fight out the struggle between the classes on the civilised plane, under the rights guaranteed by civil law. The economic organisation must be formed to carry on the daily struggle against the employing class in the workshops, and to prepare for ultimately taking over and administering the industries. Thus the political hustings becomes means of educating the workers and recruiting the ranks of the industrial unions destined to become the constituents of the Industrial Republic."

F. Sutherland says, "Reimer might be able to distinguish between religion and politics, but not the Catholic Church. (Reimer said his "best friends"—Catholics.)

Let the below extract speak for itself. It is taken from "The Programme of Modernism," issued by leading prelates of Roman Catholicism in point of intelligence and piety, in reply to the Encyclical against the Modernists issued by Pope Pius X.

"Church and State.

"Finally, the Encyclical reprehends our desire to separate Church and State. Here, again, the official Church counts as a fault what is one of our best aspirations—one that she herself would welcome, were it not that her vision of facts is clouded by her ties and attachments to the worldly splendour which she enjoyed in a past age that can never come back.

"We quite understand those decisive practical reasons that moved the Church in the Middle Ages to take to herself a political power which, however, at times it may have hampered her spiritual influence, did, nevertheless, further the development of mediæval Europe in some ways. But the historical conditions which induced the Church to assume a political responsibility separable from, if not quite incompatible with, her spiritual power, have long ceased to exist. The modern State is accepted as the instrument destined to regulate the development of the community in material and moral interests, so far as these affect the public life. It has a well-defined programme and ample means of government. Things being so, the Church should be only too glad to be able to lay down every sort of political pre-occupation, and to retire back into the sphere of her spiritual dominion, confining herself to the religious guidance of souls. For her specific aims she has everything to gain from this separation of powers. What sort of sympathy is she likely to win from the best spirits of the age by these wretched remnants of a power that she has lost, or by her vain efforts to re-acquire it? What sort of popularity can these dwindling and decrepit aristocratic oligarchies confer upon her which, in exchange for a little paltry grandeur, would tie her to customs in open discord with modern tendencies? One thing we know, and we say it openly: We know that we are weary of seeing the Church reduced, for all practical purposes, to a bureaucracy jealous of its surviving scraps of political power and hungering to get back with all it once had—to a group of idle men who, having dedicated themselves to a priestly and apostolic calling, and having afterwards attained the highest ecclesiastical grade, enjoy the most fabulously wealthy benefices as absentee incumbents. We are

weary of seeing her reduced to a sterilised force, which notwithstanding an apparent grandeur that wins the facile and unintelligent adulation of the multitude, acts as a brake on social progress; to an institution which squanders its vital energy in idly dreaming of what it used to be in ages gone by. We see no other way of ending this state of things than the entire separation of the Church from political functions; the return to a simpler religion that will throw open the doors of the Church to the excluded democracy, and enable her to pour out upon it those treasured riches of spirituality which the Christian tradition has stored in her bosom. Away, then, with all these empty political ambitions; away with all this plotting to reconstitute, on different but equivalent lines, that evil power which the Church exercised in the Middle Ages. Let the Church learn to be, once more that great moral force which she was in her less imposing but more fruitful periods, and especially in her primitive days, and her history, which to-day traces the course of a parabolic descent, will receive a new and vigorous upward impulse. The Church should feel a sort of nostalgia, a yearning towards her own past, in regard to those, as yet unconsciously religious, currents of thought and sentiment which are the life blood of the rising democracy. She should find some way of mingling with this world movement in order to ensure its true success by means of the strength of her restraints and the stimulus of her moral authority, which alone can bring home the lessons of self-denial and altruism to the multitudes. She should frankly recognise that democracy paves the way to what is precisely the highest expression of her Catholicism. When she does so, then democracy will begin to yearn after the Church which continues that Gospel message wherein democracy finds its own remote but authentic origin." (pp. 149) The Brotherhood of Man.

It is now some three months since the question first raised by "Woodius" has been under discussion. We took up the position that RELIGION IS A PRIVATE MATTER, outside the domain of a political organisation; and, despite all criticism and side issues to the contrary, nothing has yet been advanced that disproves our contention.

We hold that intelligent thought must of necessity be grounded on facts, or a fate worse than Comrade Roche prophesies may overtake us, i.e., "mistaking substance for a shadow and getting badly bumped." Holding that in mind, and also the note of irrelevancy and sometimes levity that has unfortunately forced its way into this discussion; to those concerned, we say: There is nothing so admirable to the thinking mind as one who studies his subject before speaking.

J. D. and W. H.

"THE INTERNATIONAL SOCIALIST."

Friends and foes of the "I.S." owing to the fact that there has not been any issue for one week, and the last issue two weeks late in reaching them, will be wondering what has happened. The latter may have some knowledge of WHAT HAS happened.

On Tuesday, April 17th, we were honored by a visit from two members of the Detective Department. They informed us that they had received information to the effect that the registration and production of the paper was not what it should be according to law.

We decided to have the matter fixed up straight away, and as this meant a week spent in getting things right, we were forced to drop the issue for April 28th; also to hold up the issue of 21/4/17.

This trouble also made it impossible to produce a special "May Day" number, and we herewith desire to express our thanks to those comrades sending matter along for same; also our regret at not being able to bring out the issue.

The paper is now re-registered, and its future should be one of progress, providing that comrades and friends get busy and give all the assistance they can.

The soundest way in which to give assistance, both from a propaganda and financial viewpoint, is by GETTING BUSY AS A SUB. GETTER. For while donations to the press fund are at all times welcome, it is bad policy to depend on this form of assistance; apart from the fact that by doing so we would be expecting a few stalwarts to keep things going, it is not to be relied upon as a regular source of income.

Now then! See if you can force the local post man to secure the assistance of a motor lorry to deliver the "Sub Cards" to this office.

Ray Everitt.

young once more together. She a loving girl, he an adoring youth, not an old man wrecked by illness, and an old dying woman, who took leave of each other. Mrs. Marx's dying words were addressed to her husband. When at her graveside, Marx tottered and would have fallen in had not Engels caught him.

Karl Marx survived his wife only for 15 months. A perfect lover and husband, he could not live without his sweetheart and wife. Like Thomas Paine, like Ingersoll, like Shelley, Karl Marx, apart from his work in the cause of humanity, was almost a perfect man in his domestic relations and in his friendships. His was a winning personality. The gaunt, haggard, haunted, poverty-stricken revolutionary, the terror of every monarchial parasite in Europe, was individually of a disposition tender as a child. In his long life of struggle against poverty and persecution, his love for his wife shines like the evening star over a stormy sea. She was his idol and his ideal.

"Father recovered for a time," wrote his daughter. "Never shall I forget the morning he tottered into mother's room. They were

The Materialist Conception of History

By J.A.D.

The morality of slavery has been a question of great interest. In the following passage we have an instance of how St. Paul's moral ideas on slavery were dominated by material facts:

"St. Paul, in his journey to Rome for trial, passed along the Via Appia, lined with ergastula, from which proceeded, no doubt, the swish of the lash and the agonising cries of tortured slaves, and yet the only protest that fell from the lips of the saint was a platitude—flat, perhaps, even for that day, 'Masters, be kind to your slaves; slaves, be obedient to your masters.' Nothing that St. Paul taught in regard to slavery could be construed as remotely inimical to the dominant class. He knew the dangers of touching such matters, and but too well realised that the tragedies of Golgotha and of the prison of Athens were the result of the ruling class fears of the teachings of Jesus of Nazareth and of Socrates."

In later days we clearly see how the system of production dominated the moral view of chattel slavery.

In the fertile soil of the Southern States of America slavery existed in its most decided form, but its vigor relaxed in proportion to the latitude attained, and finally disappeared in the sterile lands of New England. New England and other Northern States were in favor of abolition; but in the South when slavery benefited the land holder, and his was the dominant class, slavery was defended on moral grounds, and every pupil and every moral force in the Southern States was vibrant with eloquent perorations in its defence.

Some time later, about the time of American Independence, one writer points out: "the letters of Washington and of Spargman clearly demonstrate that agriculture was not profitable prior to and after the Revolution, unless the large holder farmed his lands in conjunction with the small independent workers of the community." The only possible influence from the statement is that slavery, which is the most notoriously extravagant and expensive labor in the world, had ceased to be as profitable as hitherto, and that, therefore, an abolition sentiment was growing in the South. Many prominent men advocated gradual emancipation, and the literature of that time disclosed the fact that pulpit orators justified such a procedure on high moral grounds. At any rate, there is much evidence for the assertion that the moral machinery was doing very satisfactory work in the South, turning out an entirely new code or standard which was destined to come into general use, when suddenly a Yankee, one Eli Whitney, threw his invention, a cotton gin, into the delicate cogs of the morality mill, and lo! one of the greatest transformations on record.

The nascent moral code which promised so much, died in convulsions, swamp lands quadrupled in value, cotton became king, and a few far-sighted men said they could detect the odor of civil war in the air."

After the civil war, which resulted in the abolition of chattel slavery, the lot of the Negro was relatively no better than before. He was free. Yes, free to starve, unless he could sell his labor power. And, as under chattel slavery, a slave could only be trusted with the strongest and clumsiest of implements, the Negro was not a very efficient laborer, and had a low standard of living. As wages are based on the cost of the means of subsistence, his wages were naturally very low. In short, he was a cheap person, and hence looked down upon and despised. He was not an equal with a white man, even in the eyes of the law, which winked the eye at lynchings, etc.

But Negro lynching is becoming immoral now in the Southern States. Why?

O. B. Sever in the "Weekly People," writes: "Has there been a change of heart among some of the Southerners? Has their human nature been changed? Of course not. But Negro labor is becoming scarce, and is drifting to Northern cities. To stem that drifting, the Southern cities are going to use more drastic measures toward lynchings."

"Anthony Crawford, a colored man of Abbeville, South Carolina, was taken from jail last October and lynched, and at a public meeting his friends and relatives were warned to leave the State. The newspapers instead of condoning these acts as in the past, denounced them. So did the Governor, and he threatened to run down the lynchings. A public meeting was called, and the lynchings denounced, and an organisation to enforce law and order was formed."

"The 'Cleveland Leader' gives an interesting account in an editorial of all the events

The Australian Socialist Party.



NEWS AND NOTES.

MELBOURNE BRANCH.

N. Jeffrey's lecture on April 15th, was worth many times the number of the audiences who heard it. Just at present there is a rush on Sunday evenings to hear bunches of Labor politicians giving reasons why they should be elected to the next Federal Parliament. Recently, the writer heard three of these men talk two hours, and not one word of the class struggle.

N. Jeffrey's subject was "Development of the Machine Process."

He gave a history of this process from 1750 to the present day, beginning with England in its agricultural state, and cottage industry (weaving and spinning), a period described as "Contentment spinning at the cottage door."

He quoted De Gibbon's "Industrial History of England"; that low wages and low prices prevailed, and there was for the workers at that period, abundance of food, shelter and clothing.

England made great advance in textiles, and displaced the Flemish in that direction.

Inventions in machinery were from 1750 to 1850. In 1770 Hargreave's spinning jenny, and in 1771 Arkel's water frame were succeeded by Compton's invention, "the Mule," a combination of the two previous machines. The power loom followed; then Watt's discoveries in steam power resulted in the cotton trade of England almost trebling itself in a few years.

The increase in wages and demand for labour, in consequence of factories springing up everywhere, was only of brief duration. The supply of commodities caused a glut in the markets, a crisis occurred, and many workers were cut out.

Women and children worked 16 and 17 hours a day in factories, and never was degradation of the workers worse than at this period. Machine smashing by fanatics like the Luddites, and the Chartist movement were briefly described.

The modern aspect of industrial misery will be shown in the extension of the Diesel Motor in many industries. Skilled engineers, firemen, and trimmers will be displaced by use of the Diesel Motor. Its potentialities mean a big problem to the working class.

Another important discovery, the extraction of nitrogen from the atmosphere, to be used in place of oil, or coal, will mean another great displacement of labour. A few generating stations are sufficient to supply motive power for a whole community. Capitalism will bring about its own destruction. It is a problem to be cleared out of the way before Socialism can be introduced. It is therefore necessary for the working class to overthrow the system of capitalism all over the world.

In last week's report of a lecture, appears the following:—

"Mr. Knibbs, the Federal Statistician, has shown that wages never failed to keep pace with increased cost of living."

This writer's notes show the word "have" instead of "never" in the above sentence—which gives quite a different meaning to it. This mistake has caused a storm in a tea cup, and the resignation of the present press correspondent.

It is also requested to be stated that P.

that took place in Abbeville, and winds up with this significant paragraph: "What was the cause of this amazing reversal of sentiment in South Carolina? Merely the fact that the scarcity of labor in the North has resulted in thousands of Negroes leaving the South to accept better jobs, better pay and better treatment offered them there. The South knows it has cause to fear a real exodus of labor."

"It seems as though some of the good citizens of Abbeville have not much faith in the 'natural antagonism between the white man and the black man,' or 'racial hatred,' because when the Negroes are in demand as laborers these notions have to take a back seat. We can only wonder what the material conditions will have to be to put all races and all colors on an equal footing in each other's eyes. Capitalist editors are good at answering serious questions. Let some one of them answer this question."

(To be continued).

Halfpenny, in the reported discussion re-Labor Party Federal candidates and the A.S.P., moved the resolution:

"That this branch adhere to the Party's constitution."

And Comrade M. O'Shannessy moved: "That members be allowed freedom of action towards supporting Federal candidates"

SYDNEY BRANCH.

On Sunday, 8th April, Com. Macdonald lectured in the Hall on "How To Improve Working-Class Condition." The lecture proved very interesting, and the discussion ranged round the inevitable questions, the P.L.L. palliatives our attitude in the present election campaign.

Several of the audience proved to their own satisfaction that we Socialists are mad, but somehow we were not as crushed as we ought to have been.

The first dance was held on Friday, 13th April. It was very successful for the first one, but, of course, we intend to improve every week, until improvement is impossible, and we want all members and sympathisers to help us as much as they can.

Paper and literature sales continues to be very satisfactory, and the Park street meetings are in the boom, fine crowds collecting each Sunday night to hear the goods delivered by Com. Gay, Nelson, Macdonald and Reardon.

The debate advertised between Com. Nelson and Mr. Pennington took place on Sunday, 15th April, the subject being, "Political Action is the only effective weapon under Capitalism."

Mr. Pennington affirmed and put up a capital case from the P.L.L. point of view, but Com. Nelson, who, of course, negatived, was able to prove, to the Socialists' satisfaction, at least, that Mr. Pennington was in error, and that the Socialist position is correct.

On Sunday, 22nd April, Mr. R. G. Edwards lectured in the Hall, his subject being "The Socialism of John Ruskin." His lecture was very interesting, especially from a literary point of view. The speaker gave it as his opinion that Ruskin was a Socialist and that he (Ruskin) had done much towards furthering the cause we have at heart. He also quoted several interesting extracts from Ruskin's works.

An animated discussion followed. Members and friends will please take notice that the DANCE is being held every Friday night, and that we want everyone to come along and help to make it a success.

Fine big meetings are being held in Park street, and paper sales are progressing well there and in the Domain. I might remind members and friends that we can do with all the PAPER SELLERS we can get, because we mean to send the "I.S." along with leaps and bounds.

Members are requested to send their addresses to:

A. MACDONALD,
WILLIAM STREET,
MASCOT.

as he wishes to have everyone's address in case of circularizing at any time.

M. REARDON,
Min. Sec.

BRANCH DIRECTORY.

Any Branch desiring matter published under the above heading, should clearly what is needed, and forward same to this office.

BROKEN HILL.

Socialist Hall, Sulphide St.
All rebels making their way to the "Hill" will receive a welcome at the above address.

MELBOURNE BRANCH.

47 Victoria St., Melbourne.
Library and Reading Room for members.
Lectures held every Sunday Evening.

MT. LARCOM.

Secretary, Chas. Jacobsen, Mt. Larcom, via Gladston.

NEWTOWN BRANCH.

Hall: Hatte's Arcade, King St., Newtown.
Library for Members.
Business meeting held alternate Thursday evening.
Propaganda meetings held every Saturday and Sunday Evenings, at Newtown Bridge.

SYDNEY BRANCH.

Hall: 369 Pitt St., City.
Library for members.
Lecture every Sunday evening.
Debating class held every Monday evening.
Business meeting held alternate Wednesday evenings.
Dance every Friday evening.

AUSTRALASIAN SOCIALIST PARTY LITERATURE DEPARTMENT.

Ancient Lowly—C. Osborne Ward; 2 vols., cloth, 16/-; posted 16/6.
Ancient Society—Lewis H. Morgan; cloth, 6/-; posted, 6/3.
Britain for the British—R. Blatchford; paper cover, 6d.; posted, 7d.
Capital—Karl Marx; 3 vols., 8/- each; posted, 8/6.
Charles Darwin and Karl Marx—E. Aveling; paper, 3d.; posted, 4d.
Class Struggle—Karl Kautsky; paper, 6d.; posted, 7d.; cloth, 2/-.
Class Struggles in America—A. M. Simmons; paper, 6d.; posted, 7d.
Communist Manifesto—Karl Marx and F. Engels; paper, 6d.; posted, 7d.
Economic Warfare—W. R. Winapear; paper, 3d.; posted, 4d.
Economic Discontent—Father T. J. Hagerty; paper, 2d.; posted, 3d.
Economics of Socialism—H. M. Hyndman; cloth, 3/6; posted, 3/9.
Human, all too Human—F. Nietzsche; cloth, 2/-; posted, 2/2.
Human Slaughter House—W. Lamazus; paper, 1/6; posted, 1/8.
Industrial Problems—N. A. Richardson; paper, 1/-; posted, 1/1.
Introduction to Socialism—N. A. Richardson; paper, 3d.; posted, 4d.
Landmarks of Scientific Socialism—Engels; cloth, 4/-.
Merrie England—R. Blatchford; paper, 6d.; posted, 7d.
Mutual Aid—P. Kropotkin; paper, 1/6; posted, 1/8.
New Socialism, The—R. R. La-Monte; paper, 6d.; posted, 7d.
Not Guilty—R. Blatchford; paper, 9d.; posted, 11d.
Philosophical Essays—J. Dietzgin; cloth, 4/-.
Pioneers of Evolution—Clodd; paper, 3d.; posted, 10d.
Greed of Man—E. H. Shaw; paper, 1/-; posted, 1/1.
Put up the Sword—Adela Pankhurst; paper, 2/6; posted, 2/9.
Love's Coming of Age—E. Carpenter; cloth, 1/6; posted, 1/8.
Secretary, 115 Goulburn-street, Sydney.
Positive School of Criminology—Enrico Ferri; cloth, 2/-; posted, 2/2.
Principles of Scientific Socialism—Rev. Vaie; paper, 1/-; posted, 1/1.
Question Box, The—F. Eastwood; paper, 6d.; posted, 7d.
Right to be Lazy—P. Lafargue; paper, 6d.; posted, 7d.
Rounds with Socialists—E. R. Hartley; paper, 9d.; posted, 10d.
Struggle for Existence—Mills; cloth, 5/6; posted, 6/-.
Socialism the Goal of Civilisation—paper, 2d.; posted, 3d.
Sinn Fein and the Irish Rebellion—D. P. Russell; paper, 1/-; posted, 1/1.
Socialism As It Is—W. E. Walling; cloth, 10/6; posted, 11/-.
Socialism Made Easy—Jas. Conolly; paper, 6d.; posted, 7d.
Socialist Movement, The—Rev. Vaie; 6d., posted, 7d.
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